

# THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOL. XV., NO. 4511.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., WEDNESDAY, JULY 5, 1899.

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ADDRESS

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### HAMPSTEAD CELEBRATES.

Old Town Observes Her 150th Anniversary

The citizens of Hampstead, together with a number of former residents and visitors from all over New England, on Tuesday celebrated the 150th anniversary of the settlement of the old and historic town. A large number of her sons and daughters who had left the old place to seek employment elsewhere returned to renew old acquaintances and to view once more the many historical spots of the town.

The festivities began with the firing of a salute and the ringing of bells at early morn, and continued until late into the evening. The parade ushered in the formal celebration. The procession visited the principal parts of the town, and then wended its way to Brickett's grove, on the banks of the Wash pond. Here the exercises of the day were held.

After all had assembled at the grove, the band opened the exercises by playing one of the national airs. After the music had ceased, Charles W. Garland, president of the day, extended a hearty welcome to all out of town visitors. The Rev. T. C. Pratt then read from the Scriptures and the Rev. Albert M. Watson of Wundham invoked the Divine blessing.

The town charter was then read by Andrew M. Moulton, after which an historical address was delivered by Miss Harriet E. Noyes. The remainder of the forenoon exercises consisted of a number of musical selections, one of the most entertaining of which was a solo by Miss M. Jenness of Charlestown, Mass.

During the noon hour, the ladies of the town served a lunch to those who cared to remain on the grounds, and in a short space of time more than 1000 people were served.

In the afternoon, at a call from the president, the chairman of the committee on invitations read a number of letters from prominent men who were unable to attend the exercises. This was followed by remarks by the following invited guests: The Rev. Dr. Sylvester, Philadelphia; Lyman D. Stevens, Concord; W. C. Todd, Atkinson; the Rev. Albert Watson, Wundham, and the Rev. M. P. Dickey of Milton. The afternoon program was brought to a close by a number of vocal and instrumental selections.

The celebration closed with an exhibition of fireworks, a band concert by the members of the Hampstead Cornet band and a musical and literary entertainment.

Nearly every city in the New England states was represented in the crowds that thronged the streets throughout the day.

That the celebration proved a grand success was due to the untiring work of the committee of arrangements which comprised the following: Charles Garland, president; John S. Corson, secretary; James Sanborn, treasurer; Tristram Little, Rufus Gardner, Joshua F. Noyes, Nelson Ordway, Joseph G. Brown, William A. Emerson, George R. Bennett, Everett Moulton, Isaac Randall, Walter A. Allen and Benjamin W. Clark.

### BIG FIRE AVERTED.

Snap Crackers Almost Burned Up Hedding.

Hedding Campground came within an ace of being destroyed by fire on the Fourth. The summer colony at that resort is larger than usual this time of the year, and put a lot of spirit into the celebration of the greatest national holiday.

Cannon crackers were exploding and rackets hissing through all of Monday night, and the celebration was renewed with vigor Tuesday.

Everything was dry as tinder, and the property owners were on the watch for any stray sparks on fuses that might set fire to the lightly built cottages.

About one o'clock in the afternoon a young man touched a big cracker in front of the cottage of Thomas W. Lane, the Amesbury carriage manufacturer. He was bound to the swimming hole and went on his way, unaware of any danger from the cracker.

A spark ignited the short parched grass and in a few minutes a brisk blaze was creeping along the front of the cottages and attacking the young pines.

A lady spied the fire and gave the alarm. At the same time she filled a pail with water from the stand pipe near the house and doused the flames. Several men soon hurried to her assistance, with brooms and sticks and began to beat the burning ground.

There was a lively struggle for fifteen or twenty minutes, before the flames

could be controlled. The bell in the amphitheater was rung and every body within hearing answered the alarm.

### NEW RAILROAD ORDER.

A bulletin in the railroad yard states that every man must carry an inspected timepiece.

Recognizing the necessity of uniform and correct time, and to conform to the standard code of the American Railway association, the Boston & Maine railroad will require all employees having anything to do with the train service to have their watches inspected every six months, for a certificate as to quality and condition, the expense to be borne by the road. In order that the inspection service may be properly administered, district inspectors have been designed. The minimum standard of excellence of watches in service shall be of a grade equal to what is generally known among American movements as seventeen jeweled, patent regulator, adjusted to temperatures and not less than three positions, in such repair as well enable them to run within a variation not to exceed thirty seconds a week. The semi-annual inspection of watches commences on Jan. 1 and July 1 of each year.

### ORGANIZED IN KITTELY.

The Liquid Air Transportation and Appliance Co., organized at Kittery, for the purpose of the manufacture of appliances for controlling and transporting liquid air for refrigerating purposes, with \$5,000,000 capital stock, of which nothing is paid in. The officers are: President, R. S. Whitcomb of Malden, Mass.; treasurer, C. C. Corbett of Boston, Mass. Certificate approved, June 30, 1899.

The New England Stylophone Co., organized at Kittery, for the purpose of the manufacture and sale of an instrument known as the stylophone, with \$50,000 capital stock of which nothing is paid in. The officers are: President, R. S. Whitcomb of Malden, Mass.; treasurer, C. C. Corbett of Boston, Mass. Certificate approved, June 30, 1899.

### MAY BE NOT.

It is known that petitions against the running of a trolley line through North Hampton have been circulated there, and influentially signed, not numerous, but influentially. It is generally recognized that the remonstrance of one wealthy citizen of Seattle, Vera Cruz or Timbuctoo, who passes three months in the year in his \$30,000 cottage at Little Boars Head is likely to carry greater weight with the New Hampshire board of railroad commissioners than the petition of 1000 New Hampshire residents who live there the year round.—Boston Globe.

### CAUSED BY SKY ROCKETS.

The tall grass in the marsh on the side of the Marginal road caught fire from sky rockets on Tuesday evening, and the Chemical was called out to subdue the flames. The residents on Richard's avenue and Middle street in that vicinity were a little frightened when they saw the blaze creeping towards their houses.

### FIRE AT YORK.

There was a narrow escape from a disastrous conflagration at Sewell's bridge York on Tuesday evening. A fire started in the woods and the residents in that vicinity had the fight of their lives to subdue them. At eight o'clock the fire was under control.

### STILL ALARM.

A still alarm Tuesday morning called the Chemical and the quick hitch to a slight blaze in the Buckley house on Jefferson street. One fountain from the Chemical extinguished the blaze which was in the attic. The fire caught from fire crackers.

### WON AND LOST.

The Greenland base ball club played the Exeter's at Exeter on the morning of the Fourth, winning the game eight to seven. In the afternoon the Greenland club played the Newfield's at Newfield and was defeated nineteen to seven.

### BASE BALL.

The Cooper's Union and Button shop nines crossed bats at the Plains on the afternoon of the Fourth. The Button shop won seventeen to the Cooper's Union three.

## A Great Name

is a guarantee of superior worth

In baking powder, in these days of unscrupulous adulteration, a great name gives the best security.

There are many brands of baking powders, but "Royal Baking Powder" is recognized at once as the brand of great name, the powder of highest favor and reputation. Everyone has absolute confidence in the food where Royal is used.

Pure and healthful food is a matter of vital importance to every individual.

**Royal Baking Powder**  
assures the finest and most wholesome food.

Avoid alum baking powders. They make the food unwholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

### PERSONALS

Mrs. J. E. Hoxie spent the Fourth in Boston.

Julian F. Trask and son went to the Shoals on Tuesday.

Samuel Langley passed the Fourth at his home in Epping.

Miss Etta Snow passed the Fourth in Dover with relatives.

Mrs. William Cockran of Stoneham is visiting her husband here.

Gen. F. S. Streeter and wife of Concord sail today for Europe.

Charles Webb has returned from a trip to Lyndonville, Vermont.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Philbrick have returned from their honeymoon.

Commodore James Cogswell, U. S. N., passed the fourth in this city.

Walter M. Sawyer returned today from a visit to his family at Milton.

Fred Akerman and family, Cass street have been at Hedding for several days.

H. J. Marble who has been visiting in this city returned to Manchester on Tuesday.

Supt. W. T. Perkins and family of the Boston and Maine R. R. are passing a few days at York beach.

W. Scott Smith, private secretary to the secretary of the interior in Washington is laid up with his old complaint, rheumatism.

Col. James W. Glidden of Gov. Powers staff, with his son, James, spent the Fourth in town. The latter is a prominent Harvard athlete and was substitute on the freshmen's boat crew.

### RED HOT FROM THE GUN.

Was the ball that hit G. B. Steadman of Newark, Mich., in the Civil War. It caused horrible Ulcers that no treatment helped for 20 years. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him. Cures Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Boils, Felons, Corns, Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth. 25 cents a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Globe Grocery Co.

### AT HAMPTON.

The extreme heat Tuesday drove many to the cool shores of Hampton beach. The street railway furnished a number of strong attractions there. The auditorium of the new pavilion was thrown open to the public for dancing, although the building will not be formally opened until about the middle of July. The Exeter Brass band furnished music the entire day and evening. At night, a most excellent display of fireworks was given.

### A RECORD BREAKER.

Manager Hill of the Wentworth had 208 guests on Tuesday against fifty-eight for the same day last year. The house will be crowded by Wednesday night.

Arrived, barges No. 5, Travers, with 1650 tons coal, and No. 11, with 1759 tons, both from Baltimore, for J. A. & A. W. Walker.

### A LIVELY TUSSELE.

A Drunken Man Makes Trouble At Rockingham Junction.

A drunken French Canadian caused a big commotion Tuesday on the local from Portland to Boston, known as No. 142, which makes Rockingham Junction about 5.40 p. m. Soon after the train reached the Junction he picked up trouble with two other fellows in the rear car and a fierce fight followed. He yelled like a crazy man, and the crowd of people on the station platforms rushed for the car. A brakeman tackled the Frenchman, but couldn't handle him. Two more of the train crew came along and the three managed to lug the fighter to the baggage car, where they dumped him in like a piece of baggage.

In the fracas he had been pushed head first against a car window and received an ugly cut on the forehead. He bled so profusely that he left a red trail along the platform and bespattered the floor of the baggage car. The blood streamed down his face till he was a sopping sight.

He tried to renew trouble in the baggage car, but was subdued. Exeter was telegraphed to have an officer at the station on the arrival of the train and the fellow was put off there.

### W. J. COLVILLE WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR AND LECTURER.

The people of Portsmouth will find themselves indebted to the management of the summer lectures at Greenacre in the opportunity they will have of hearing Mr. W. J. Colville, the well-known author and lecturer, at Peirce hall, on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, at eight o'clock, and at three o'clock on Thursday and Saturday afternoon. Mr. Colville invites questions from his auditors pertaining to mental healing and all psychic and educational problems.

### NAVAL ORDERS.

Paymaster G. W. Simpson, from the Newark to Washington for duty as assistant chief of the bureau of supplies and accounts.

Pay Director J. A. Smith, from the navy yard League Island and await orders.

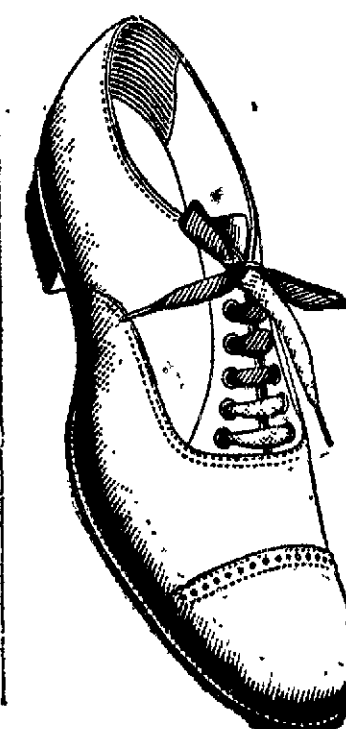
Pay Director P. Lisle, from the navy yard, Norfolk, to the navy yard League Island.

### FORFEITED HIS MONEY.

"Grace" the York, Me., horse was not at the Rockingham park on Tuesday to meet Sheppard's "Mogul" and E. D. Stoddard awarded the stakes of \$50.00 to Sheppard.

A little life may be sacrificed to an hour's delay. Cholera infantum, dysentery, diarrhoea come suddenly. Only safe plan is to have Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry always on hand.

THE  
**Crawford Shoe**  
ONE OF THE BEST SHOES MADE



SOLD BY  
**C. FRED DUNCAN,**  
5 Market Street.

## A NEW HARNESS.

You Can Get One Made To Order At

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That Will Please You.

Repairing Attended to Promptly.

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**St. Aspinquid Park**  
OPEN JULY 4th.

Fine collection of animals.  
Free use of building for basket picnics.  
One of the best localities for Society and  
Sunday School picnics.  
Five minutes' walk from York Beach.

**GOLF GOODS, LAWN TENNIS**  
AND  
**BASE BALL OUTFITS.**

**A. P. Wendell & Co.**

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**THE AURORA KID BUTTON SHOE**  
You Will Wear No Other.  
- Price, \$3.00, -  
EQUAL TO ANY \$3.50 OR \$4.00 SHOE

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6 & 8 Congress Street.  
It is worth seeing our miniature and complete working  
shoe factory. The finest machinery built  
We do all kinds of repairing at short notice.

**FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY**  
**MOORCROFT S**  
AND TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK  
Sale of Trimmed Sun Hats. Just the thing for beach wear and  
prices reasonable. Do not fail to examine our New  
Patent Leather Shoes.  
12 MARKET SQUARE, PORTSMOUTH

**HERALD ADS GIVE BEST RESULTS**  
Try One And Be Convinced.



**WHERE'S MOTHER?**  
Bursting in from school or play,  
This is what the children say,  
Trooping, crowding, big and small,  
On the threshold, in the hall—  
Joining in the constant cry,  
Ever as the days go by:  
"Where's mother?"

From the weary bed of pain  
This same question comes again:  
From the boy with sparkling eyes,  
Bearing home his earliest prize;  
From the bronzed and bearded son,  
Perils past and honors won:  
"Where's mother?"

Burdened with a lonely task,  
One day we may vainly ask  
For the comfort of her face,  
For the rest of her embrace;  
Let us love her while we may,  
Well for us that we can say:  
"Where's mother?"

Mother with untiring hands  
At the post of duty stands;  
Patient, seeking not her own,  
Anxious for the good alone  
Of her children as they cry,  
Ever as the days go by:  
"Where's mother?"

**FOSTER FATHER ROBIN.**  
A Story of Which the Best Part Is  
That It Is True.

"When I was a girl," began grandmother, reflectively polishing her spectacles with a fine cambric handkerchief, deeply edged with old lace; "when I was a girl a high lilac bush grew close to the sunny side of our home in Oxford, and for two seasons a pair of robins and a pair of chipmunks built their nests in the bush and there raised their young. The robins nested in the highest clump of lilac branches, where a great cluster of the delicate purple blossoms burst into bloom each May, just high enough from the ground to be out of reach. The chipmunks made their summer home in a shady little nook of the bush but on the side opposite to the robins' nest."

Grandmother paused and looked musingly out of the frosty window, beyond which a snowstorm fluttered waywardly.

"It was thirty years ago," she continued, fingering a half-knit mitten that clung to its triangular frame of needles in her lap; "I was in delicate health that spring and often sat basking in the sun that shone through the window by the lilacs. One bright afternoon I was startled from a day-dream by a most surprising chattering from the lilac bush. I knew that the chipmunks had nested and hatched a brood and that the mother robin was setting on five bluish eggs, but the voice was unmistakably that of the father robin. Peering through the green leaves carefully, would you believe it? I saw the father robin feeding the young chipmunks, while his mate remained quietly on her nest some five feet away. Well, all that day and all of many days thereafter I watched the foster father robin feed the poor little orphans. Regularly every twenty minutes he would fill their gaping yellow mouths with worms and he kept this up after his own children had hatched and until the chipmunks were grown enough to fly and forage for themselves. I never saw the parent chipmunks again, but I have a suspicion that our sly old tomcat knew the secret of their disappearance, and I fear that he ate some of the orphaned birds later in the season," and the old lady sighed as in memory of many things.

Perhaps the best part of this story is that it is true.

"Goose-Cutting,"  
Another game, that of "goose-cutting," has been added to the long list in vogue at social gatherings. The hostess provides a well-drawn outline of a goose, which is usually of red cloth, or, if made of paper, is colored red or black. This is merely for the purpose of distinctness. Two pairs of scissors are provided and a number of sheets of plain brown paper. Each gentleman invites a lady to cut a goose with him and in turn these couples are seated back to back in two chairs in the centre of the room. When the model goose has been studied, the pair are blindfolded, and proceed to evolve with their scissors and sheet of paper copies of the fowl. Having finished, each paper is duly signed by its creator and laid aside. Great merriment is always aroused by the process of cutting, as the pair work in full view of the rest of the company. When finished, all the results are laid out on the parlor floor, names down, and two judges, who have not been present at the cutting, pass upon the merits of the geese submitted and prizes reward the workers according to their merits.

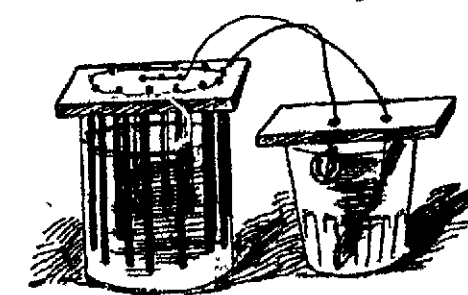
**A Distinguished Guest.**  
In the zoological garden at Breslau is one of the two shabrack tapirs known to have been born in captivity in Europe. The little animal is only a few days old. It is spotted like a fawn, but otherwise looks much like a baby elephant, excepting that it isn't much larger than a good-sized cat. The mother of the rare infant came from Farther India, where it lived in seclusion near the water. The wild tapir generally sleeps during the day and forages for food at night. It feeds on grass and other vegetable substances, and finds its long proboscis very useful in rooting in the earth for food. A full-grown Indian tapir sometimes measures seven to eight feet in length, and somewhat resembles the hog in its form and habits.

## SILVER-PLATING FOR BOYS.

How to Make a Simple and Cheap Battery from Electric Light Carbons and Zinc.  
How would you like to try copper and silver plating?  
"Oh, I can't do that," cries the boy on the back seat; "it's too hard."  
But it isn't hard. As a matter of fact any boy can learn how to do electro-plating with very little trouble or expense, for he can make his entire outfit himself. And when he has mastered the art he should be able to make a good deal of pocket money from plating spoons, keys and other objects for his relatives and friends.

A few weeks ago The Record told how a boy could make a simple and cheap battery out of electric-light carbons and bits of zinc. Either this battery or any cheap battery will do. The writer knew of a boy who made a battery in a big glass tumbler by using bits of copper and zinc which he found in the attic, with ordinary vinegar for the active agent. A very weak and slow-working battery is better than a strong one for use in electro-plating, because a strong battery is likely to work too rapidly, with the result that plating flakes off.

The amateur electro-plater would do well to try copper-plating first. At a drug store buy a small quantity of blue vitriol, which is a common copper salt, and dissolve the crystals in water. The solution will be a deep blue.



**SILVER PLATING.**  
Now provide a large, deep tumbler or a fruit can and into this pour the vitriol. Bring over the wire that is connected with the zinc in your battery and to its end tie an old iron key or button hook. Allow this to sink into the vitriol solution. The end of the wire that comes from the copper, or carbon of your battery should also be immersed in the liquid. In a few hours the key or other object will be beautifully coated with the copper. It is a process exceedingly interesting to watch.

Copper-plating may be used to advantage in many cases, but it is not particularly pretty. Every boy will find more pleasure and profit in plating with silver, notwithstanding the fact that it is more expensive. A solution of cyanide of silver should be used. It is made ready for the plating bath in exactly the same way as the vitriol, except that a small silver coin should be suspended from the end of the wire that runs to the carbons or copper, as shown in the illustration. With this solution all sorts of small objects can be plated with great ease. It will be well for the young electro-plater to bore holes in a cigar-box cover and place it over the tumbler containing the plating solution, using one hole for each of the wires, thus keeping them firmly in place while the electric current is doing its work.

**The Dog and the Telephone.**  
The following dog story comes from Toronto: "One morning not long ago my sister went to see a friend who lived a mile or so from the rectory, taking with her our little brown cocker spaniel. When she left she quite forgot the dog, and as soon as our friends discovered him they did all they could to make him leave, but with no avail. Some hours passed and he was still there, so they telephoned to us to let us know his whereabouts. 'Bring him to the telephone,' said my sister. One of the boys held him while another put the trumpet to the dog's ear. Then my sister whistled and called 'come home at once, Paddy.' Immediately he wriggled out of the boy's arms, rushed at the door, barking to get out, and shortly afterwards, arrived panting at the rectory. This is what might be called a modern dog story, is it not?"

**He Repented.**  
A story comes from New Haven about a black spaniel that abstracted a feather duster from his owner's house and while playing with it tore out all the feathers. The dog, after being shown the featherless handle, was given a whipping. He then disappeared and about a year afterward walked bravely into the house with a brand new duster in his mouth. He walked up to his mistress and meekly deposited the new brush at her feet. By the mark on it she saw that the dog had stolen it from a neighboring store.

**Stamp Worth a Fortune.**  
If by some stroke of good fortune a boy or girl should find a 2-cent postage stamp of one of the earliest issues in the Hawaiian Islands he could sell it for enough to pay all his expenses during a four-years' course in college and have a snug little sum left to begin business after his graduation. This stamp is said to be one of the rarest in the world. It is roughly printed on poor paper, but a dealer will pay \$1,750 for a specimen of it. It makes it a pretty valuable piece of paper.

**Making a Machine Bow.**  
A droll inventor has just made a machine by means of which a man can lift his hat by merely contracting his brows, so that in case he meets a lady friend he can make an automatic bow. Not only has the inventor spent a good deal of time on his device, but he actually has had it patented. For a society man who has a great many friends it would certainly be a very good thing—he and the armless men could use it to great advantage.



## DON'T CUT THE FORETOP.

It Never Improves a Horse's Looks and Is Rarely Beneficial.

Don't cut your horse's foretop off if you ever expect to sell him to a dealer. A shaved foretop knocks from 10 to 50 per cent. off the market value of a roadster, a coach horse, a cob or a saddle horse. The practice of clipping horses' foretops, and generally from three to six inches of the mane with it, has become a very common one. It never improves a horse's looks and is rarely beneficial.

Fashion demands that a coach horse, a cob, a hack, a roadster or any sort of a saddle horse must wear a foretop, and it is a serious mistake to clip it off of any marketable trotting-bred horse.

M. Newgass is one of Chicago's most extensive exporters of horses, and ships many trotting-bred coach, park and saddle horses to London and Liverpool each week.

When questioned in regard to the practice of clipping the foretops from trotting-bred horses he said: "It's pernicious. I cannot buy a horse for export if his foretop has been cut off, unless I can get him at half his real value, because the foreign buyers always keep such a horse until the mane grows out again, and they must buy them very cheap to do that. You cannot say too much against that practice in your paper, or caution breeders too often, as the number of trotting-bred horses that come to this market minus their foretops is astonishing."

## Decay of Immature Plum Fruit.

The signs of attack of the curculio and the course to be pursued for its riddance are well known; but continuing inquiries, as to the cause of decay of immature plum fruit, show the necessity for repetition. The chief enemy of the plum is the insect curculio, and its ravages for a while caused a cessation of planting this fruit in many sections; but with a little attention, such as all fruits will require, serious trouble can be avoided and perfect fruit had. Perhaps the oldest plan for ridding the trees of the pest is to violently jar the trees, with a small, padded log, from time to time after the leaves have appeared, when the insects would first appear. A sheet arranged beneath the tree catches the insects that fall by the jarring, and they are thus collected and destroyed. At this period, the mature insect, in the form of a beetle, is at work feeding on the leaves. If let alone the real destruction is begun as the fruit is set, when eggs are deposited therein in great numbers—it is said at the rate of ten a day by each female.

A solution of the well-known Bordeaux mixture and diluted paris green would be effective in this case, and would at the same time act upon any fungus that might be present. Many of our private gardens lack the plum, one of the most delicious family fruits, merely because of this little difficulty, which is really not as great as is usually considered.

The advent of the Japanese varieties, which have not thus far been found out by the curculio, has, to a degree, lent encouragement to the planter; but there are some of the old varieties that could not be well replaced, and it will be found profitable to give a little care to them rather than sacrifice their good qualities.

## Treatment for Various Diseases.

**SORE TEATS.**—G. B. M. has a sow which has a hard lump at the root of one of the teats and a little matter comes from it. This is caused from inflammation, likely the result of an injury. Bathe the part with hot water several times a day and squeeze out as much milk and matter as you can. This will relieve the inflammation and it will soon get well. If it should leave a hard swelling mix 1 dr. iodine with 1 oz. lard and rub on a little twice a week.

**SUCKING WOOD.**—"Subscriber" has a cow which sucks wood. This habit she got when a calf. It is difficult to break animals of a habit. Try covering the wood which she sucks with a solution of aloes, or infusion of quassia chips. This will cause a bitter taste in the animal's mouth—and is sometimes successful. If this does not cure her, put on a muzzle after she is fed, for a few months.

**RHEUMATISM.**—A. M. S. has pigs four months old which get stiff and some of them have lost the use of their hind parts. Give each pig a tablespoonful of castor oil; after this operate give 10 drops of the oil of gaulthier and 1 drop of the fluid extract of nux vomica at a dose three times a day in a teaspoonful of cod liver oil. Continue this for 10 days, then skip a week and give again if necessary.

**TICKS ON SHEEP.**—E. R. C. wants to know if there is any remedy that will exterminate ticks, some other way than by dipping. There is no successful method by which ticks can be destroyed except by dips of some sort. Insect powder if enough is put on will destroy them; it is not practicable, but may be tried.

**WORMS IN HORSES.**—T. C. wants a remedy for worms in horses. Give 2 oz. turpentine in 1/2 pint of raw linseed oil before feeding morning, noon and night for 2 days, then give 1 quart of raw linseed oil as a physic. If there are any worms this will destroy them.

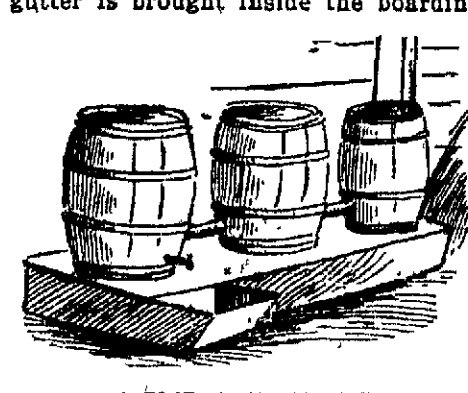
## KILLING SMUT ON OATS.

The Hot Water Treatment Found to Be Very Effective.

The New York State Agricultural Experiment Station has discovered cheap methods of killing the harmful parasite which produces smut on oats. During experiments made at the Geneva Station it was found that the hot water treatment gave perfect immunity from smut. This treatment requires no chemicals or expensive apparatus. All that is needed is a large kettle for heating water, a thermometer, a barrel, and a gunny sack. The seed oats are to be kept for ten minutes in water at a temperature of 133 degrees Fahrenheit, a matter requiring only a little care in adding to the water in the barrel a supply of hot water from the kettle when the temperature falls, or cold water from a pail when the mercury stands above the required height in the thermometer. Other treatments involving sprinkling the seed with solutions of different fungicides or soaking the oats in such solutions were tested side by side, and several of them gave excellent results with only slight expense. Complete prevention of smut was obtained by sprinkling the oats with a 1 per cent. solution of lysol or formalin, costing 5 cents and 4 cents, respectively, per bushel; or by soaking the seed for one hour in a 0.3 per cent. solution of lysol, costing 2.7 cents per bushel, or in a 0.2 per cent. solution of formalin, costing 1.4 cents.

## Quickly Made Cistern for Barn.

Have a cistern that will supply water on rainy days, at least. This will prevent exposure to the storm. Three barrels mounted in a corner of the barn as shown in the cut will hold enough for the stock during all storms, for while the storm lasts the barrels will be replenished. A pipe from the gutter is brought inside the boarding



A CONVENIENT CISTERN.

to the first barrel, and conveyed to any number of others in the manner shown. A tub, with faucet, is placed below the last barrel. This plan is a great advantage over driving stock out in the rain. A still better plan, on farms where it is possible, is to bring the water into the barn by a pipe from a spring or brook. It may also be brought into the barn by a pipe laid from a nearby well, having a pump in the barn. The comfort and the saving of time and labor by having a supply of water thus always at hand can only be appreciated by an experience with this convenience.

## Controlling Plant Lice.

Plant lice are among the most important of the injurious insects. They may be found every year in the orchard and garden, but seldom in such numbers as during the past season. They do not devour the tissue of the host plant but suck the sap by means of their tube-like mouth parts. They swarm upon the open leaf buds and on the under surfaces of the leaves, causing them to curl and to become otherwise distorted. These insects multiply with great rapidity, but are held in check to a certain degree by numerous predaceous and parasitic insects (V. H. Lowe, Bulletin 139, Geneva, N. Y., Experiment Station). In some species the young are born alive during the spring and summer, eggs not being produced until fall.

As plant lice suck their food, paris green and similar poisons cannot be depended upon when used in the ordinary manner. Some external irritant must be used instead. Numerous insecticides of this nature are recommended. One of the most important is good whale oil soap. Experiments during the past season show that one pound of whale oil soap to seven gallons of water will kill plum and currant lice. The solution should be applied in a very fine spray to the under surface of the leaves. It is important that the work be done very thoroughly. The first application should be made as soon as the lice appear in the spring, which will be soon after the leaf buds open. A second or third application may be made as occasion demands.

## To Kill Potato Beetles.

Mix 1 pound acetate or sugar of lead with 3 ounces arsenate of soda. Remember these are violent poisons. Dissolve one tablespoonful of this mixture in 12 quarts of water. To every 36 gallons add a tablespoonful of Paris green and spray the vines. Last year a field of potatoes fairly alive with bugs was completely free of them in three days after the application and they did not return the remainder of the season.

## Castor Oil For Plants.

A correspondent of the Agricultural Experiment Station says she gives her plants a dose of castor oil occasionally, a teaspoonful to a good-sized plant. We have also seen this recommended for the calla lily. No one, however, gives what our old professor of chemistry used to call "the rationale" (reason) of the dose.

## A Bad Plan With Corn.

It is a bad plan to husk out corn and throw it upon the ground. No telling what night a rain or snow storm may catch you with a day or so's husking out—to say nothing about twice handling.



## RUNNING AWAY.

The sky was clear, the stars were bright.  
The grass was wet with dew.  
When Johnny arose, put on his clothes,  
And vowed what he would do.

"I'll leave my pa, I'll leave my ma,  
I'll go from here to stay;  
They used me rough—I've had enough—  
And so I'll run away."

"I'll take my clothes, I'll take my all—  
A slave I will not be;  
I'll go out west, I'll do my best—  
I'll strike for liberty!"

And Johnny started bravely out,  
And said he'd ne'er return;  
He said he'd go and make a show,  
And let his genius burn.

He traveled all that summer night,  
And bravely through the day  
"And then," said he, "I wish that we  
Had never run away!"

"I'm weak and tired and sick," said he,  
With sadness in his tone;  
"It isn't best to go out west—  
At least, to go alone!"

"And now I'm in a pretty fix,  
And don't know what to do."  
And then he sighed and sobbed and cried:  
"Boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo!"

The boy when found was taken home,  
And was content to stay.  
Said he: "I'm cured, and rest assured,  
I'll never run away!"

## QUEEN VICTORIA'S OOD PRESENT.

The King of Siam Presented Her With a Few Hairs from His White Elephant.

A few years ago the British government sent one of its distinguished diplomats, Sir John Bowring, to Siam, as the head of an embassy, to present a grave and important question to the king. Sir John was also intrusted, according to the custom of the day, with a number of valuable gifts from Queen Victoria to his majesty, the king. On his arrival he was granted an audience, and after presenting the gifts he acquainted the king with the object of his mission.

Being the representative of so powerful a monarch, Sir John was received with every possible honor and great pomp. In no way could the Siamese king so well entertain his guests as by a display of his elephants, and doubtless Sir John, who later wrote about them, was afforded many opportunities for observing these wonderful animals in the land where so much attention is paid them. At the time of his visit, in 1855, few European customs had penetrated Siam and Burmah, and the ways and habits of the people were essentially oriental, while the great masses of the natives were steeped in superstition and ignorance. One of their strange beliefs was that at one time Buddha, whom they worshipped as coming from the Deity, dwelt in the coffee-colored or pink-splashed creatures called white elephants. Indeed, the Buddha was supposed to remain here longer than in any other animal, and consequently the possession of a white elephant was to possess the presence of the Buddha. In this way great intelligence is accredited to the animal and Siamese were often observed talking into the huge ears of the elephant, making it a confidant of their various secrets and hoping for some answer.

A short time previous to Sir John Bowring's visit a pink-splashed elephant had been captured. The king and his courtiers left the palace and went out into the country some distance to meet and welcome it, and the animal was escorted back to the city with much ceremony.

When Sir John had been feted and entertained for many days and the business of his mission was completed he waited upon the king to announce his return and to present his adieu. The king made him the bearer of various gifts to her majesty the queen. Among these was a gold box locked by a gold key, which was commended to Sir John's special attention as being more valuable than all the others.

Whether Sir John and his suite and the officers of the man-of-war which bore them to England knew what the gift was, we are not told, but the fact that it was held in a gold box must have aroused much curiosity and we may believe there were various conjectures regarding the mysterious gift—whether it was a pearl of great price, a rare and beautiful ruby similar to that preserved in the temple of the Emerald idol, or some of the many gems for which Siam was famous.

Upon his return Sir John at once waited on the queen to acquaint her with the success of his mission and present the gifts which he had received from the king of Siam for her majesty. In all probability Sir John handed her the gold box and the gold key and the queen opened the casket herself. On this point history and Sir John are equally silent. But this is known, that when her majesty raised the lid of the golden casket she found, not a ruby, pearl or diamond, but a few hairs plucked from the king's white elephant; and as Sir John tells us that at this time a hair from the tail of a white elephant was worth a Jew's ransom, we may assume that the queen, instead of being disappointed, appreciated the delicacy of the gift which, in the eyes of the king, was the most precious offering he could make.

—CHARLES F. HOLDEN.











# SH MOHAMMEDAN.

Y MOORE, ARRESTED AS A VANT, TELLS A QUEER STORY.

is a Dervish and Traveled for Years Through India, Persia and Afghanistan—Exalted to the Post of Mualim Makahus.

is a living curiosity at the City in the person of Henry Moore, styled Irish Mohammedan, who story of his adventures in the East is scarcely less wonderful than Arabian Nights' tale. Moore was last Sunday night on his way to the police station, where he was taken to a charge of vagrancy. He wears a long and wide-sleeved, and faded coat of broad cloth silk hat, also much the worse for wear.

862, according to his narrative, left County Clare, Ireland, and with his parents in Malabar. He led to this State in 1849, cleaned the dust, and three years later left for Australia, where he mined the Forest Creek diggings, eighty out of Melbourne. After a stay of a half year Moore set out on a trip around the world, going by Ceylon to India. He had \$25,000, his credit then.

Coming in Hindostan, Moore says, of adventure prompted him to be a Mohammedan. He was in a dervish. In this guise he wandered over India, made his way to Afghanistan, thence to the Khaybar, and finally visited Teheran. The journey consumed several years, during which time Moore learned languages of the lands through which he passed and familiarized himself with the duties and manners of the dervish. After a short stay in Teheran, as well as good fortune fairly poured upon the Celtic folk of Mohammed.

is the only European dervish in the kingdom of the Shah. His fame soon reached the royal ears. He was sent for by the favorite of the Persian ruler, who talked him and then recommended to the Shah that he be engaged as a mualim, or chief tutor to the family. This excited joy, Henry says, he held for a period of five years. He was also given the title of Colonel. In the Persian army, other dervishes were heaped upon by the Shah.

One day, upon finding that the young esquire could read and write English, the Shah gave Serib Moore an order as Minister, instructing that officer upon the white man an estate in pension for life. The Minister did to give him either estate or money, and Moore told one of his royal pupils about his reception, whereupon young Prince told his father, the Shah. Moore, however, declared that he had been to a remote part of the world under sealed orders to drink when he reached his destination, then sprang up about seeking his life, he says. He had permission to go on a pilgrimage to Mecca as a substitute for the Shah, and having converted his money into 238,000 worth of diamonds, he set out on the trip, intending to return to Teheran. From there he made his way back to the United States in 1882, and soon lost of his money in Rocky Mountain. Then he tried Australia again, with more bad luck, and turned up a year ago, old and with but little left. He has none now. Moore seems to have his own story.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## How to Wear Whiskers.

he first thing a young man should do starting out in life," said an old man, "is to decide how he is to wear his whiskers. Then he choose his vocation accordingly. matter may be reduced to an exact science," he continued, "taking the face as a basis. A mustache is actually a mustache and convoluted, and important to any calling in which a fellowship cuts a figure. If very curly and drooping it lends an air of city to its owner. I knew a railroad manager whose mustache draws \$100 a year; he never does anything self, and an idea would kill him.

the addition of side whiskers tends to the mustache with a solid suggestion of business acumen, and if gray well kept proclaim their wearer old-school gentlemen whose palate be trusted on the question of whiskers. A mustache and imperial are ens of determination and are valuable to lawyers and doctors. They inspire confidence. Up to middle age small whiskers of the nutron-chop brand chiefly useful as indicating seriousness of purpose.

When they begin to whiten they are apt to be a financial magnate of the first class, symbols, so to speak, of gravity and haughty reserve. The very might be expanded indefinitely. I am sure you catch its drift. I hit to add, by the way, that long whiskers are an excellent stimulant to thought. A friend of mine has immensely long goaties, without which he would be as helpless as a pig.

ordinarily his brain is in a state of repose, and when asked a question he responds with a fishy stare, in his hand steals slowly up to his eye and he gives it a slight tug, it releases some sort of a catch in his mental machinery, and it proceeds to grind out one thing, whereupon he immediately gives you an intelligent answer. If his chin whiskers are shaved off he would be reduced to a condition approaching coma."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## An Extreme Limit.

wo shop girls were overheard talking together several days ago. Say, did you know Mame was set-up for an invalid?" inquired the "up" with the long feather in her hair. "Is she?" queried the other girl. "She is well enough." "That's what I think. And she says well, too." "Can she eat?" "Eat!" cried the other girl. "I told you she could eat! Why, at this today she got away with 24 lbs' worth!"

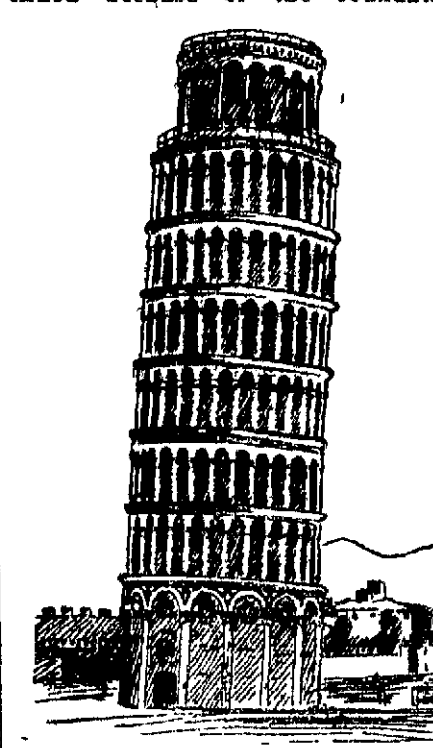
# SHAVING IN PORTO RICO.

They Have No Use for Razors or the Conventional Soap.

The natives of our new territory, Porto Rico, have no need to buy soap, for the wooded country abounds in plants whose leaves and barks supply most fully the place of that indispensable article. Among the best of these is the soap-tree, so called, though it is more a bush than a tree. Its bulb when rubbed on wet clothes makes a snow-white lather, which has an odor like old brown Windsor soap. The Porto Ricans, who are all, from the highest to the lowest, dandies in their way, make soap out of cocoanut and home-made lye—and a fine soap it is, smooth and fragrant. This cocoanut oil soap is used for shaving. When a man wishes to have a shave in the morning he starts out with his cocoanut shell cup, and his bottle of lather brush and bottle. It is never any trouble to find an empty bottle in Porto Rico, Cuba, Jamaica, or almost any of the larger West India Islands, even in remote spots in the mountains. At least twenty generations of thirsty people have lived there and thrown away bottles. The man carries no mirror; he is too poor to own such a luxury. Not one house in twenty in Porto Rico has even the very cheapest looking-glass. But generously rich nature provides the mirror, as well as the soap. The man goes to some convenient pool in the mountain stream where the water is quite still—there is his mirror. He breaks his bottle on a stone, and deftly picks out a sharp piece of suitable size. Then he lathers his face profusely, and begins to scrape away with his piece of glass, which in his hands works as well as the best steel razor. A cut, or even a slight scratch, is extremely rare as a result of this al fresco form of shaving.

## The Leaning Tower of Pisa.

This is one of many leaning towers in Italy. There are two very notable ones at Bologna. The tower at Pisa is the campanile, or bell tower of the cathedral, but, as is common in the older Italian churches, is detached from it. It is 50 feet in diameter and 178 feet high. The walls at the base are 8 feet thick. It leans 13 feet from the perpendicular. It has usually been supposed that these leaning towers inclined because of the foundations.



PISA'S LEANING TOWER.

setting, but it is certain that some of them were intentionally so constructed, and when one considers the improbability of a building as massive as this, and only 3 1/2 times its diameter in height, settling in a way neither to cause its destruction nor even crack it, he is strongly inclined to the belief that it was the fashion of the age so to build towers. This was erected in 1174.

## Sparrows Fight Like Game Cocks.

Sparrows are the most determined fighters among the birds, the bulldogs among the four-footed animals being the nearest to these little pests in point of grit and endurance. Two of them were recently observed in terrific combat on the roof of a house. In the fury of battle they neared the edge of the roof and one toppled over. Instantly the other flew on the top of him and forced him to the pavement, where the contest was resumed as fiercely as ever. They took no notice of a bystander who approached the angry birds and picked up both of them. After carrying them a little distance he set them free, but their spirit was unbroken, and they went at it again, bill and claw. By and by one of them gave in and fled, but his rival was not generous enough to let him be, for he gave chase, but whether he caught him or not the onlooker was unable to learn. Whichever they may roam these birds may always be relied upon for impudence and quarrelsomeness.

## To Cure Creaky Shoes.

"Cheap shoes are not necessarily of poor material," said a shoe-clerk. "Creaking often accounts for the low price. Cheap double-soled shoes nearly always creak, and the reason is that two soles do not quite fit or one is of more pliable material than the other, so that they rub against each other. Among the remedies usually tried is soaking the shoe in water or oil. This is effective for a time, but the cure is only temporary. The creak invariably returns in a few days. However, there is one certain and simple remedy. It is to drive three little wooden pegs into the sole. The pegs prevent the friction of the soles. Any cobbler will do it for you for 10 cents, and so not only restore your own peace of mind but also that of your friends."

## Better Than a Gold Mine.

The profit from a single whale that is captured is very large. One about fifty-nine feet long weighs 140,000 pounds and will give 60,000 pounds of blubber, from which 48,000 pounds of train-oil can be made, and 3,000 pounds of whalebone.

## The Sultan's Plate.

Among the Sultan's gold plate there are dishes of solid gold of extraordinary size, and there are plates, cups and saucers, turquoise and pichers, massive and heavy, made of the same precious metal.

# JOKE MANUFACTURE.

AN ARTIFICER GIVES AWAY A FEW SECRETS OF HIS CRAFT.

Writers Consider the Garb in Which to Dress Their Antiques—Served Up With Sauce Southern, Northern, Eastern or Western.

"I have come to regard an idea as purely a matter of merchandise," said a local newspaper man, who augments his salary by supplying pearls of thought to the Northern periodicals. "When I invent a joke, for instance, I immediately consider the garb in which it will bring the best price, and you would be surprised at the extent of my literary costume shop. To illustrate the point, I had a small inspiration this morning that I have not yet decided how to use. The simplest form would be a bit of dialogue to accompany a picture in one of the comic weeklies, in which case it would run about like this:—

"Old Moneybags (severely)—I trust, sir, that you haven't contracted any new debts."

"Young Moneybags (with engaging frankness)—Oh! no sir; but I have succeeded in expanding a number of old ones."

"I would label this 'Expansion Policy Up to Date,' and, if accepted, I would receive a check for the munificent sum of \$1."

"But I have a good paper on my staff," continued the industrious young man, "that is fond of little anecdotes of the brand once popular in Harper's Drawer, and is essentially partial to a Southern flavor. If I send my jokelet to them, I shall dress it about as follows:—

"One of the small tenants on the plantation owned by Colonel L. was a good natured, shiftless old negro, who answered to the name of Mose. Although Mose had an excellent piece of land that was cultivated with fair success by his numerous progeny, he was always hopelessly entangled in debt, and the Colonel took frequent pains to secure him on his improvidence. One day the old dorky hobbled past the manor house, sunk, apparently, in the deepest dejection. 'Hello! Mose,' called the Colonel from the porch. 'What are you looking so glum about?' 'Ise mighty 'stressed in mind, Kurnel,' replied the tenant, mournfully. 'Well, I suppose you've been contracting a lot of new debts,' said the planter. 'No, sah,' replied Mose earnestly. 'No, Kurnel; there ain't been no new debts 'tracted, but they's been er' po'ful 'spanion of somer th' ole ones.'"

"Now that's an innocent little anecdote, not calculated to bring a blush to the cheek of any reader and illustrating what our Northern friends regard as the native wit of the colored brother. Such jeux d'esprit sell at three for \$5."

"I might continue these lightning changes indefinitely," the speaker went on, "but I think I've covered my point. However, if I was running a series of dialect or character sketches I wouldn't use such a joke separately at all, but would store it away to work into the general drift of the text. Merely as an illustration, suppose I was the inventor of Mr. Dooley, which I wish to be the Lord I was, I'd start off about like this:—

"They're no denyin' Hinnesty, that th' imper-rayel polly has taken 'er' roun' bould on th' imagination of th' tollin' masses," said Mr. Dooley. 'They're like th' lad on th' far'm, plain' to go to th' city to acquire exper-rience an' gold bricks. At present everything's er' expansion. I was at Hlogan's last night, an' young Tim, ye know he's a wild divvie, struck th' old man fer fifty. 'What fun?' says 'Hlogan. 'Is it new debts ye've been contractin'?' says he. 'No, father,' says Tim, 'it's old wans,' says he. 'I've been expandin'.' says he. 'Tis no wonder, Hinnesty, that—"

"But you see how it is. With a little care and ingenuity I can serve up my diminutive idea in almost as many different forms as Oscar at the Waldorf-Astoria can serve eggs, which I believe is 916. Sometimes I start to indicate a two line text for a picture and expand the theme into a 3,000 word story. It's one of the tricks of the trade, me boy, without which I should be obliged to take my meals at a considerably cheaper hashery."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## Verdant, But Obedient.

"We see lots of strange things," said the talkative hotel clerk, "but one of the strangest that ever happened along this way came in one day last March—an old man with a carpet bag and an old umbrella who wanted to know if it was a tavern. I assured him it was, and he said he guessed he would hang up with us a bit if we didn't mind. He looked so green and innocent that I congratulated myself that the house used electricity for lighting purposes and that there was no gas for him to blow out."

"I handed him over to a bellboy with instructions to see him safely to his room and to carefully explain all the mysteries of a modern hotel. It wasn't two hours before a chambermaid sent down word that the old man was gathering up all the fire buckets on the floor and burning them in the grate in his room."

"I charged up to his room to find out what he meant by such conduct. I found him in his room calmly smashing up the buckets by bringing his No. 14 cowhide boots upon them. The buckets were some that we had placed in the hall a number of years ago to be used in case of fire. But as we had lately placed five hydrants on every floor with reels of hose at every point, we had allowed the buckets to go into disuse."

"See here! I yelled as I took in the situation. 'What in the name of heaven do you mean by burning up those buckets?'"

"Why," answered the innocent old codger, as he picked up one of the buckets, "doesn't it say right here on them, 'To be used for fire only?'"

"I wilted and told him to go ahead. They were not worth much, anyway, and I was afraid if I didn't allow him to go ahead that he might break out at some other spot that would cost us more."

Ethel: "They say it costs Percy Von Noodle \$2,000 a year to live." Penelope: "Dear me! Then what does he do it for?"—Tit-Bits.

# ENNUI AND ITS CAUSES.

The Great Spirit of Unrest Lurks Everywhere.

Ennui is the great axle of life around which everything revolves. Agnes Repplier, that easiest and most artistic rippler of essays, has spun out long, delightful pages with this delicate subject as theme, faultlessly, in her own quaint style, wording over the subtle pivot of action, but in the end she does not "arrive," as the French would put it. The reader has been entertained for an hour with the charms of a string of pearls, yet lays aside the book murmuring to the world, as did the King of France, "Vilen laisses nous enrouer ensemble."

This fine malady of boredom is a common disease which people have without knowing it. In the cottage it is expressed every morning in the query of "Well, what we got ter do to-day?" It may be scrubbing, it may be house-cleaning, assorting scraps, running next door for a bit of gossip, but it will be something.

The great spirit of unrest lurks about the dish-rag as well as the queen's lace handkerchief.

In the mansion the daily question is, "What's on the tapis? and what's going on for to-day?" The very children come with the eternal cry of "Mamma, what shall we do to amuse ourselves?" And it is this pitiful plaint that drives the crowd on, that sends the women down town to rant the dusty streets simply because the hour was empty and they could not fill it from their own brains.

It is the whip of boredom that forces the cardmaker to the card, the club, the cardroom, the glary Bohemian places of rendezvous—anything—everything rather than stay at home and draw happiness from the cultivation of their own souls. Ennui is the great clique maker of society, the great fad maker and club organizer, to all of which men and women may fly in desperation singing the song of the King of France. It is this subtle unrest that fills the world's beautiful temples of art and culture with busy fools, who, hanging bells would round the music of the masters. Oh, ennui, under thy spur, what donkeys prance and gallop around the mighty coliseum; what precious hours, like jewels, are cast to the wind!

Caught empty-handed in an idle hour with only self as a companion, the first impulse is to get out of the house and run away, to be up and on the go and leave the leaden ghosts behind. When there is no definite place or pastime in view, the streets are the last resort. Look at the dozens of men loafing around the crowded shopping corners, the dozens of women walking aimlessly from one store to another. What do they do it for? Because their brains are empty, they cannot fill the vacant golden settings of time from the store of their own resources, but must go out on the highways and pack and gorm themselves with the quick, thin, trash excitement of the streets.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## Old Pennsylvania Woodsmen.

One of the most interesting and picturesque types known to backwoods life, the old-time lumberman and wood-chopper of the Alleghenies, is now almost a thing of the past. At the present day the number of men engaged in that healthful but arduous occupation is small compared with the thousands that labored in the fine forests of a quarter of a century ago. The fine forests of Pennsylvania are themselves only a memory.

The genuine old-time woodsman of the Allegheny sawed his waters cannot be mistaken. He wore a cap in mid-winter always wearing a fur cap, which is, more than likely, some long-preserved trophy of his own rifle or trap. He wears no coat or waistcoat, his body and chest being covered by a heavy flannel or woollen shirt—not the gorgeously colored garments of the latter day lumberman, but good, old-fashioned stuff, such as his father used to wear. Trousers of some warm woollen goods cover his legs, and his trousers tucked into a long pair of stockings. These stockings are often as gorgeous in varied color as the shirt or jacket he affects, and their tops are drawn snug to the leg by a puckering string, the ends of the string sometimes ending in fancy tassels. They wear "gum" shoes. The old-time woodsman's father wore leather boots, well greased with tallow, and with no stockings between their leather and his feet; so his sons, or the most of them, wear cowhide boots, greased with tallow, and no stockings, and declare that thus clad their feet are kept warmer than by the bundling of heavy stockings. The old-timer will defy any one to remember an instance of any one's feet ever having been frosted when dressed on the "gum" boot, no stocking plan. These facts disappearing specimens of the days "when lumbering was lumberin' and not playin' circus" also scorn suspenders, or "galsuses," as they call them.

"A feller can't have his shoulders all clawed up if he wants to swing an axe or pull a raft oar," is the rule of these forest craftsmen.

Clad thus the woodsman is ready for a shooting match, a dogfight, a bear hunt, a log chopping, or a mourner meeting. The mourner meeting is the backwoods revival, conducted usually by some strapping, lusty-lunged preacher, and generally at the district school-house. Everybody within a circuit of five or six miles attends the mourner meetings, and frequently a majority of the congregation join the mourners before the revival is over. But the steadfastness of the backwoods convert is evidently not to be depended upon, for mourners of one winter are to a great extent the mourners of the next. This doesn't seem to be looked upon as anything to be unfavorably commented upon, on the contrary some regard it as a very commendable action, as witness the boast of one old-time woodsman:

"I stand high in this here deestriest, and I ought to. I been a mourner ev'ry winter at the mourner meetin' for better'n forty year."

As a rule these untutored woodsmen are honest and generous, although always bolsherois, and it is to be regretted that they are being replaced by an element so different in all respects, for their sturdy and aggressive character is due to many things, one thing, the place western Pennsylvania enjoys in the estimation of the entire country.

# TRAP DOOR SPIDERS.

NEST CONSISTS OF AN EXCAVATED TUBE SIX INCHES DEEP.

Wonderful Intelligence Displayed by These Remarkable Insects—A Common Garden Spider Attaches Wood to its Nest to Act as a Drag Anchor.

A curious species of insect is the trap-door spider, whose nest consists of a tube excavated in the earth to the depth of six or eight inches. It is always lined with silk and it is closed with an ingeniously constructed door. One sort of door closes into the nest like a cork in a bottle; another is as thin as a piece of paper.

In all cases the door opens outward, and when the nest is placed as it usually is on a sloping bank, it opens upward, so that there is no fear of its gaping. The object of the trap-door is to conceal the nest, and consequently it is always made to resemble the general surface of the ground. Sometimes, however, an enemy attempts to open the door; and then the inmate braces its legs against the sides of the nest and holds it as fast as possible.

Still other spiders have their doors besides outer, so that if their first defense be carried, they may have another behind which to retreat. More curious still is the ingenuity of the branch trap-door; that is to say, a door that opens from the main tunnel of the nest into a side branch, which the spider knows, of course, but which no stranger could discover, since there is nothing to distinguish it from any other part of the main nest. So, then, if an enemy should effect an entrance, the lawful occupant of the nest can quietly slip into the side branch, close the door and there remain in security while the intruder wonders what has become of her.

If all these wonderful things are done by instinct, have we any proof whatever of individual intelligence among spiders? Most assuredly. If we remember that intelligence is a manifest application of means appropriate to the accomplishment of particular ends, it is hardly possible to deny that there is some evidence of the intelligence of spiders. Many instances have occurred more or less like the following:

"One of my friends was accustomed to grant shelter to a number of garden spiders under a vacant veranda, and to watch their habits. On day sharp storm broke out, and the wind raged so furiously through the garden that the spiders suffered damage from it, although sheltered by the veranda. The mainyards of one of these webs, as the sailors would call them, were broken so that the web was blown hither and thither, like a slack sail in a storm."

"The spider made no fresh threads, but tried to help itself in another way. It let itself down to the ground by a thread, and crawled to a place where lay some splintered pieces of a wooden fence, thrown down by a storm. It fastened a thread to one of the bits of wood, turned back with it and hung it with a strong thread to the lower part of its nest, about five feet from the ground. The performance was a wonderful one, for the weight of the wood sufficed to keep the nest tolerably firm, while it was yet light enough to yield to the wind, and so prevent further injury. The piece of wood was about two and one-half inches long, and as thick as a goose-quill."

"On the following day a careless servant knocked her head against the wood and it fell down. But in the course of a few hours the spider mended her web, broke the supporting thread in two, and let the wood fall to the ground."

## A Persistent Collector.

A man did a little work about the premises of a Cleveland doctor and the latter was not at home when the job was finished the man said he would come back for his pay. He came in the evening, and the doctor was away on a professional call. The man waited around for some time and finally said to the housekeeper:

"I come again pretty soon."

"Better come early in the morning," said the housekeeper.

"The man nodded."

"At just 3 o'clock next morning there came a furious ringing at the front door bell. Somebody in the household hastily answered the call and then came back to report to the doctor.

"It's that man, doctor, who did some work about the garden, and he says he wants his money."

"What!" roared the doctor. "Go back and ask him what he means by coming around here in the middle of the night."

So the maid went back and asked the man why he came so early.

"I come here yesterday afternoon, an I come again last night," said the man. "Doctor not at home. I wait. He don't come no more. I say I call again. Voo-man say, 'Come tomorrow morning early, you be sure to catch him.'"

"The doctor is here," said the maid, "but he doesn't want to get up unless he has to."

"Well," said the man resignedly, "I will wait here. So long I catch I don't care." And he sat down on the doorstep.

The maid went back and reported to the doctor and the latter thought of the silent figure out on the doorstep, and finally got up, and found out what the fellow had done, and paid him.

## A Hard Hit.

A citizen whose home is up town has a great liking for working in his garden, as he calls his back yard. He gets up early in the morning, dons an old coat and starts out with rake and hoe. On his head he usually wears a shocking old cap that has been kicking about the premises for years. The other morning he wore this cap to his place of business. Of course he did it by mistake and was greatly chagrined when he found it on his head. He faced everybody who was looking at him on the car and he felt quite sure the conductor grinned at his head covering as soon as he came within sight of it.

# SWEEPING THE BLOOD.

Would any house-keeper ever allow a brood of strange black ugly creatures of devilish aspect to accumulate and choke up by their foul presence the best sitting rooms in her house? No. Out they would go promptly with a broom and her strong arm behind it.

A scrofulous taint in the human system is no less foul and fearful than a brood of devils accumulating in the blood springing up here, there and everywhere, causing a hundred mysterious and apparently incurable symptoms in all parts of the body.

A terrible case of chronic scrofula is described by an Iowa lady, Mrs. James Murphy, of Fond du Lac, Wis., in a noteworthy letter to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

"I will forever thank you for the advice you gave me," she says. "Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has cured me of chronic scrofula of twenty years' standing. I had doctor for the trouble until I was completely discouraged. I also had chronic diarrhea for twelve years. I am in good health now—better than I ever was in my life, owing to Dr. Pierce's 'Discovery.' Your thanks and it is with pleasure I send you my name to publish."

A life-time of practical experience has qualified Dr. Pierce to deal with obstinate chronic diseases more successfully than probably any other physician of his time. Do not be discouraged, however, severe your case may be, but write to him. Your letter will be treated in strictest confidence, and he will send, in a plain sealed envelope, without charge, the best professional advice to be obtained in this country.

## Granite State

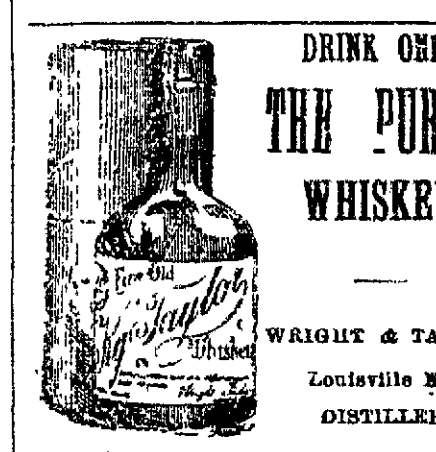
## Fire Insurance Company

OF PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Paid-Up Capital, \$200,000

## OFFICERS:

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DRINK ONLY THE PUREST WHISKY.

WRIGHT & TAYLOR, Louisville, Ky., DISTILLERS.

FINE OLD KENTUCKY

## Taylor Whiskey.

If you want purity and richness of flavor, try our OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR, 8 years old and our own distillation and guaranteed pure. Bottled and shipped direct from our warehouses by us. None genuine without our signature on both labels. For consumption, indigestion, and all ailments requiring stimulants, OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR has no superior. Sold by all first-class druggists, grocers, and liquor dealers.

Sold by Globe Grocers' Co., Portsmouth, N. H.

## Stoddard's Stable

HAS BEEN FITTED OUT WITH NEW CARRIAGES.

You can get the handsomest and most comfortable turn-out in the state at

## STODDARD'S.

NEW HACKS, FOR WEDDINGS AND OTHER PARTIES

TELEPHONE 1-2.

## SALE AND LIVERY BUSINESS

BROUS' INJECTION.

A PERMANENT CURE

of the most obstinate cases of Gonorrhoea and all its complications in 2 to 3 days; no other treatment required. Sold by all druggists.

# BOSTON & MAINE R.R.

## EASTERN DIVISION.

Summer Arrangement, June 28, 1899.

## Trains Leave Portsmouth

FOR BOSTON, 3.50, 7.30, 7.35, 8.15, 10.55, 11.05 a. m., 1.38, 2.21, 3.05, 6.00, 6.35, 7.23 p. m. Sundays, 3.50, 6.00 a. m., 2.21, 3.00 p. m.  
FOR PORTLAND, 9.55, 10.45 a. m., 1.18, 5.22, 8.50, 11.20 p. m. Sundays, 8.00, 10.45 a. m., 8.50, 11.20 p. m.  
FOR OLD ORCHARD AND PORTLAND, Sunday, 8.00 a. m.  
FOR NORTH CONWAY, 9.55, 11.16 a. m., 3.00 p. m.  
FOR SOVERSWORTH AND ROCHESTER, 4.50, 9.45, 9.55, 11.16 a. m., 2.40, 3.00, 5.30 p. m.  
FOR DOVER, 4.50, 7.35, 9.45 a. m., 12.25, 2.40, 5.22, 8.52 p. m. Sundays, 8.00, 10.45 a. m., 1.30, 5.00, 8.52 p. m.  
FOR NORTH HAMPTON AND LAMPTON, 7.30, 7.35, 8.15, 11.05 a. m., 1.38, 5.00, 6.35 p. m. Sundays, 8.00 a. m., 2.21, 5.00 p. m.

## Trains for Portsmouth

LEAVE BOSTON, 6.00, 7.30, 9.00, 9.40, 10.10 a. m., 12.30, 1.30, 3.15, 3.30, 4.45, 7.00, 9.45 p. m. Sundays, 4.30, 8.20, 9



# SHIRT WAISTS

ARE NOW READY.

PIQUE, PERCALE, GINGHAM  
AND CALICO.

Prices 50 Cents to \$3.00.

LEWIS E. STAPLES,

7 Market Street.

## THE ORIENT Guarantee

"We agree with the purchaser of each ORIENT bicycle to make good by repair or replacement when delivered at our factory during the current year, transportation prepaid, any imperfection or defect in material or manufacture of such bicycle, etc."

Compare this with the guarantee of any other wheel on the market.

LIGHT ROADSTER, \$50.00.

PHILBRICK'S  
BICYCLE STORE.  
FRANKLIN BLOCK,  
Portsmouth, N. H.

SUMMER TOURISTS SHOULD NOT FAIL  
TO VISIT THE

ISLES OF SHOALS  
Season Now Open.

THE APPLEDORE

Under the personal management of Mr. Oscar Laighton.

THE OCEANIC

Always especially attractive for Portsmouth people, will be managed this season by Hon. Christopher E. Ryones, a former and most successful proprietor.

STEAMER VIKING

Makes three trips daily. See time table in another column.

FOR SALE OR  
TO RENT.

A very desirable two-story dwelling house of ten rooms situated in Newcastle, N. H., will be rented, furnished, for the season. Property has a good frontage on the harbor and is admirably situated for a summer home.

Price and other particulars may be obtained of J. M. Meloon, Newcastle, or at

TOBEY'S  
Real Estate Agency,  
32 Congress Street.  
Portsmouth, N. H.

The scarcity and continued high price of Havana tobacco has had no effect on the quantity of

THE CELEBRATED  
7-20-4

10 CENT CIGARS.  
They have always maintained their high standard. Strictly hand-made. Sumatra wrapper and long Havana filler. For sale by all first-class dealers

At Wholesale in Portsmouth by  
FRED S. WENDELL, J. H. SWETT,  
Deer and Market Sts., Bridge St.

R. G. SULLIVAN,  
MANUFACTURER,  
Manchester, N. H.

# THE HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 5, 1899.

THE 4TH. IN PORTSMOUTH.

The glorious Fourth was heartily observed in Portsmouth, even if not elaborately. It was a holiday and everybody took advantage of the occasion to enjoy themselves to the utmost.

The festivities commenced Monday night with the celebration of the Little Bowers association. These jolly fellows, with their customary energy, had collected a big pile of wood on the vacant lot between McDonough street and the railroad and at 12 o'clock it was touched off. Lots of friends enlivened the affair. Hundreds of people were present.

At 8 o'clock Tuesday morning the new flag was raised to the top of the Liberty pole. Mayor Page made a short but pertinent address, and the City band played several patriotic airs. The unfurling of the flag was accompanied by quite a demonstration from the crowd.

At 9 o'clock the Portsmouth yacht club held its regatta in the river, and many people saw the races from the shores and from boats along the course. The yachts made a pretty showing and there were several exciting finishes.

The afternoon attractions comprised a concert by the City band on the square and the horse races at Rockingham park.

In the evening the band gave another open-air concert, and fireworks went flashing up into the sky from every section of the city.

Hundreds of citizens who chose to put in the day away from town besieged the trolley cars on the P. K. & Y. road and went out to York beach, Sea Point and St. Aspidochelone. It was a great day at the latter resort.

Flags were thrown to the breeze all over town, fluttering from residences and business houses alike.

The trolley cars interfered but little with the business of the livery men. Almost incessant demands were made upon them from early morning until night. The suburban highways were swathed in the dust stirred up by strings of teams.

The bicyclists made the most of the day. The weather was on their side and wheels without number went spinning down to Rye and Hampton and over the other good roads.

Many people went to Hampton by train and thence by trolleys to Hampton beach where they passed the day.

The new Portsmouth electric road heavily patronized all day and evening, the ride to the Rye line being especially popular.

The fire and police departments had made special plans for the holiday, but nothing occurred to give them serious trouble. It was a glorious day, and the eagle screamed till he was hoarse, so did others.

## THE FLAG RAISING.

At eight o'clock Tuesday morning a big crowd had gathered in the vicinity of Liberty bridge on Water street. The tide was full. Puddle dock was on its best behavior. Near the new flagpole had been erected a platform on which were seated Edward J. Moulton, who was instrumental in raising the money for the pole and flag, as chairman of this occasion, Rev. Henry E. Hovey, rector of St. John's church as chaplain, Hon. Calvin Page Mayor of Portsmouth, Samuel Green and Samuel P. Treadwell, Messrs Moulton, Green and Treadwell being the only living survivors who were present at the dedication of the old flag pole in 1824.

Promptly at eight o'clock the ceremonies commenced. The Portsmouth city band played "Victorious America." Rev. Henry E. Hovey then offered prayer and the band played "Columbian March."

Mr. Moulton then introduced Mayor Page who in his usual graceful and eloquent manner gave a short address which was listened to with great interest.

At the conclusion of Mayor Page's address the flag was raised by Samuel Green, aged 91, assisted by Kennard Miller and Ransom Cortland aged four, the youngest subscriber to the fund. As the flag slowly went to the peak and floated in the breeze, the band played the "Star Spangled Banner" and the crowd cheered. Three cheers were given for the Mayor, for "Portsmouth," for Dewey and then three rousers for Puddle dock. When the flag broke to the breeze the fire alarm gong sounded, and Charles Gray fired a salute of twenty-one guns.

## WORKING NIGHT AND DAY.

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. Every pill is a sugar-coated globe of health, that changes weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fag into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c per box. Sold by Globe Grocery Co.

The best of all Pills are BEECHAM'S.

# MUSIC HALL SOLD.

Portsmouth To Have A Modern  
Theatre Which It Has Long  
Needed

The New Proprietor Will, It Is Understood, Completely Remodel  
The House.

Sale Was Consummated This  
Week.

The sale of Music hall property to Hon. Frank Jones took place this week and while nothing is as yet known of his plans it is safe to say that Portsmouth will get what she has long needed, a modern theatre.

Messrs Winchester, Pierce, Preston, Salter and the Ayers estate have transferred their stock to Mr. Jones and he is now the owner of the property.

It is understood that Mr. Jones will at once commence the work of remodeling the house and will have it in first class condition for the opening of the season.

With first class shows there is no question about the success of the theatre.

The local amusement public will learn of the sale with the greatest possible interest and the move will be applauded by the public generally.

## IN SIXTEEN ROUNDS.

Patsy Sweeney Beats Flaherty After  
A Rattling Fight.

Those who were present at the limited bout between Patsy Sweeney and Joe Flaherty before the Pastime Athletic club of Manchester, Tuesday evening, witnessed the finest and most scientific exhibition of the manly art that has ever taken place in this part of the state. It terminated in the sixteenth round, when Sweeney, by a hard punch on the jaw, knocked Flaherty down and out, and won the greatest fistic battle of his remarkable career, amid the cheering of his hosts of friends.

It was a remarkable contest throughout, and the outcome was decidedly uncertain until the last round.

Flaherty fought as game a battle as any man who ever stepped into the ring, and showed wonderful generalship throughout. He had a longer reach than Sweeney, and was in better condition.

Sweeney hit him hard all through the battle, but up to the last round the Lowell lad seemed to be able to take all the punishment that Sweeney could give, and aside from a few slight bruises did not seem to show the effects of the blows he received. J. F. Reagan of Worcester acted as referee, and Morris Clark of Boston as timekeeper.

The battle began for keeps in the first round. Sweeney got a clean knock-down and started the claret from the nose of Flaherty. When the round ended, it looked as if the battle would be a short one, and that the Lowell man would go out in a very few rounds, but the veteran fighter fooled the crowd.

Flaherty's work was a great improvement, and it was plain to be seen that a royal battle was on. Sweeney kept fighting low and hard, and sending in occasionally terrific uppercuts.

The seventh, eighth and ninth rounds developed some wonderful work on the part of both contestants. Flaherty's work in the face of the punishment he was receiving was phenomenal, and he hit Sweeney hard and often. It was anybody's fight.

The fourteenth and fifteenth rounds were in Sweeney's favor, if any choice could be made, and when time was called for the sixteenth, no one thought the end was so near. The final round was opened furiously by Sweeney. He went at Flaherty hammer and tongs and fought him all over the ring. Flaherty met his fierce attacks desperately, but could not withstand such fast and furious work, and Sweeney seeing that he had his opponent going, drove his right with terrific force on Flaherty's jaw and the latter went down and out.

## THE U. S. S. RESOLUTE DOCKED.

The big U. S. transport and station ship Resolute was successfully dry docked at the navy yard at 11 a. m.

The tugs Howell and Piscataqua towed the monster to the dry dock, where Naval Constructor J. G. Tawressey, U. S. N., was waiting to do the rest. The docking was most successfully done and the dock worked to perfection.

No-To-Bac For Fifty Cents.  
Quaranteed tobacco habit cured, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All drugists.

# CITY BRIEFS.

Stop, traveler, and weep for him  
Who's dying here below.  
He filled his cannon to the brim—  
That's all you'll ever know.  
—N. Y. World.

It was a noisy Fourth.  
Buffalo Bill at Dover tomorrow.  
People are getting used to the trolley.

Louisville is pitching Woods pretty regularly now.

One of the old cellars in Haven park has been filled in.

The tide of summer travel is setting in early and heavy.

Regular meeting of Harriet P. Dame union this evening.

Portsmouth must have trolley connection with Hampton.

Several extra coal trains are run daily over the Concord branch.

Family picnic parties were numerous on the river banks on Tuesday.

The North Atlantic squadron will arrive in this harbor on July 10th.

Portsmouth was fortunate that no serious fire occurred on the Fourth.

Freight trains 341 and 343 on the Concord branch have been cancelled.

The heavy travel is making the bug-gymnastics at the railroad station bustle.

The number of street bands about town on Tuesday helped out the noise.  
The electric cars were crowded both in this city, and on the York line on Tuesday.

Nothing better after a hearty meal than one of Dowd's Honest Ten cent cigars.

The Fourth was the hottest day of the year thus far, and the most uncomfortable.

The picnic of the Advent church society has been postponed until next week.

Conner, photographer studio, (formerly Nickerson's,) No. 1 Congress street.

Smith of this city played second base for Greenland in two games on the Fourth.

The U. S. tugs Potomac and Piscataqua, have been ordered to tow the East to Port Royal.

Train No. 127 due in this city at 11:15 o'clock, on Tuesday evening, was forty-five minutes late.

The band concert was listened to by a large crowd on Market square on Tuesday evening.

The July bride seems to be just as fair and sweet and almost as numerous as her June cousin.

The "S. G." Londres is made of the choicest stock and is the best ten cent cigar in the market.

C. H. Merrill's fine steam yacht, Myopia, of Exeter started today for a fishing trip about the Shoals.

WANTED—Capable woman for general housework. Must be an experienced cook. Apply to 33 Middle street.

Have your shoes repaired by John W. Mott, 34 Congress street. Satisfaction guaranteed. Hand sewed work a specialty.

After their fireworks were gone the boys went to the swimming holes, and every available bit of water had their crowd of bathers.

Local disciples of Izaak Walton who have fished in Lake Winnepesaukee this year claim that it is well stocked with black bass.

The small boys who didn't make noise enough yesterday to satisfy themselves will probably keep it up for a day or two if their pocket money holds out.

Officer Holbrook took Jeremiah Lynch, Robert Archibald and Theodore Olsen to Epping Tuesday, where they were met by a team from the county farm and taken over to help in the laying.

Several of our local bicycle riders seem to be possessed with an idea that to enjoy their wheels they must scorch through the streets. A number of them ride altogether too fast and the practice should be stopped.

The roadbeds of the railroads are in bad condition in regard to their dryness. The passengers on the trains are having a great time in keeping their eyes open with the dust that comes in through the open windows.

Palestine commandery, Knights Templar, of Rochester came to the Shoals for their Tuesday outing, bringing their ladies along. The commandery was headed by the American band of Rochester. A fine dinner was served at the Oceanic house.

There may be no danger in smoking a cigar or a pipe when in the immediate vicinity of fireworks, but it would seem as though there were. The sight was seen the past few days about the places where the merchants had their fireworks on the sidewalks for display.

Work on the golf links at Little Bear's Head is rapidly progressing, and Monday they will be ready for use. The clay tennis courts are to be finished by that date. Miss Mary Bachelor is getting up a fair for the benefit of the Golf club, to be held in the Farragut Casino, Aug. 9.

# YACHTS RACE IN A SLIGHT WIND.

Second Regatta of the Portsmouth  
Yacht Club.

The Fourth was not much of a day for yacht racing especially in the morning when there was hardly wind enough to fill a sail, nevertheless a big crowd gathered at the Portsmouth Yacht club to witness their second regatta of the season.

There were four sailing races in the programme followed by a rowing race and a tub race.

The sailing races, at times were nothing but a drifting match, the wind entirely dying out.

Yet this fact did not lessen the interest much and the winners as they crossed the line were well applauded.

The regatta committee up to last evening had not finished figuring up the time allowance for the different yachts so it could not be definitely told who were the winners.

The following was the order in which the yachts finished:

First Class, Sloop Eolus, Commodore Hultman, first.

Sloop Tryphosa, Captain Drowne, second.

Second Class, Yacht Kena, Captain Pillsbury, first.

Yacht Fleetwing, Captain Humphreys second.

Third Class, Yacht Freak, Captain Trefethen, first.

Yacht Lark, Captain Humphreys, second.

Fourth Class, Tender Spider, Captain Richardson, first.

Valiant tender, Captain Drowne second.

The rowing race was won by William Martin with Ben Hanson a close second. It was a pretty race to the finish but Hanson slipped a row lock in the last fifty yards which threw him out.

The tub race, which proved a most amusing event, was won by Charles Allen.

## ACCIDENTS.

Stark Spinney and his gun came near killing a man on the square on Tuesday evening. He loaded the piece with some fifteen fingers of powder and then holding it at arms length pulled the trigger. There was a roar like a cannon and the gun flew out of Spinney's hands with the force of a small pile driver and struck a young man standing near by in the leg nearly breaking the bone. Several other bystanders narrowly escaped getting hit by the weapon as it flew through the air. The young man was taken to the police station where his injuries were dressed. Officer Hurley prevented further celebration by Spinney by taking the gun away from him.

A young man named Wentworth was shot in the back with a bullet from a twenty-two caliber revolver at Kittery Point on the Fourth. The youngster who did the shooting did not know it was loaded.

## HIS HOODOO DAY.

Conductor Head of the Portsmouth & Concord division was under a hoodoo on the Fourth. His train down at noon was delayed at Hedding twenty-five minutes by an up freight which blew out an eccentric below Littlefield's and had to be towed up by the way freight. His train out of here at 5:25 p. m. was held at this station twenty minutes beyond leaving time, making him late in to Manchester. As a consequence Conductor Lee's train due here at 6:10 p. m. was twenty minutes late in arriving.

## BRAVE MEN FALL.

Victims to stomach, liver and kidney troubles as well as women, and all feel the results in loss of appetite, poisons in the blood, backache, nervousness, headache and tired, listless, run-down feeling. But there's no need to feel like that. Listen to J. W. Gardner, Idaho, Ind. He says: "Electric Bitters are just the thing for a man when he is all run down, and don't care whether he lives or dies. It did more to give me new strength and good appetite than anything I could take. I can now eat anything and have a new lease on life." Only 50 cents at the Globe Grocery Co. Every bottle guaranteed.

## NOTES OF THE FOURTH.

Five Canadians made things lively on Market street on Tuesday afternoon having filled up on cheap liquor and then wanted to fight. Asst. Marshal West and officers Robinson and Shannon took them in.

Marshal Entwistle allowed the boys a wide latitude as it was an unusually appropriate time to celebrate.

Judge Page's address pleased immensely.

It was the hottest Fourth ever experienced in this city.

The new band is a credit to the city.

## ELKS' OUTING.

The Elks of Portsmouth, Dover and Manchester will hold their annual outing in August, probably at The Wier. At a conference of the outing committee on Tuesday the Winnepesaukee lake region was favored.

# PAINTING THE TOWN RED.

The painting of a town red, is generally understood to mean that a lively time was had, but the young Americans of Kittery wished to more plainly show that they had painted the town red so they used plenty of red paint. When the good people of the town just across the river awoke on Tuesday morning they found that their doors and fences had been touched up with bright red paint.

The Piscataqua house and the residences on the main street received the most attention while one side of the Rice Public Library steps was painted green and the other side red.

The people fail to see the joke [and if the fresh youths are captured, it will go hard with them. The damage done will reach into the hundreds of dollars.

## STILL ALARM.

A Still alarm, Tuesday evening called the Chemical to the residence of Arthur W. Walker on Middle street to put out a fire on his lawn the grass being ignited from a falling rocket sent up in an adjacent yard. A jetill alarm also called the Chemical to a fire in Jefferson street in the morning. The damage in each case was trifling.

## ACCIDENT ON P. AND D. R. R.

The train due in this city at 4:50 p. m. from Dover, Arthur Clark Conductor was delayed at Roberts siding on Tuesday afternoon until 8 p. m. by the engine breaking down. A rain was sent out from here after the passengers. The Boston train and all other trains were delayed about an hour.

## OFFICERS OF SQUADRON TO BE RECEIVED.

The officers of the North Atlantic squadron will be tendered a reception by the guests of the Wentworth during their visit here next week. It will be a grand event.

## BROKE HIS LEG.

Mr. John Hooley, of No. 2, Deer street, met with a very painful accident on Tuesday evening by breaking his leg a little above the ankle. Dr. Lance was called and made the patient feel more comfortable.

Diphtheria relieved in twenty minutes. Almost miraculous. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. At any drug store.



## A Striking Effect

Can be produced by our rich and handsome wall papers in your parlor, reception room, hall, library, dining room or bedroom. We have the newest designs and colors in fine wall paper.

J. H. Gardiner

10 & 12 Daniel St., Portsmouth

Gray & Prime

DELIVER  
COAL  
IN BAGS!

NO DUST NO NOISE.

11 Market St. Telephone 2-4

M. G. WILEY, M. D.,

Rupture Specialist,

2 MARKET ST., - PORTSMOUTH

Office Hours: 9 to 11 a. m. 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Sundays 10 to 12 a. m.

G. E. PENDER,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office—13 Pleasant St., Exchange Building.

Hours: 10 a. m. to 12 m., 3 to 5 and 7 to 8 p. m.  
Residence—3 Morrill St.



## FREEDOM FROM BAGGY KNEES

Is enjoyed by the wearers of trousers made by us and by Scotch friends who don't wear any.

The cut of these garments has much to do with the retention of their shapely appearance. We devote much care to their making and believe our methods and the fit of the Trousers to be unequalled.

Drop in and look at the line of Trousers we are showing. The designs are exclusive and the quality excellent.

JAS. HAUGH

20 High Street.

OUR ICE CREAM IS THE  
VERY BEST

Nothing but absolutely pure cream, pure sugar and flavor enter into its manufacture.

We deliver our Ice Cream to any part of the city.

TAYLOR'S is the place to enjoy a cool Soda or Ice Cream.

J. H. TAYLOR

1 Congress Street.

TANKS,  
WIND MILLS  
AND PUMPS

Gasoline and Hot Air Engines.

Artesian Wells Drilled.

ESTIMATES GIVEN ON APPLICATION.

EXPERIENCED MEN TO DO THE WORK

Steam, Hot Water and Hot Air Heating.

PLUMBING AND PIPING.

W. E. Paul

39 to 45 Market St.

GONE ALL TO PIECES.

This man bought a bicycle of a western house for \$18.97. He wishes he hadn't now. The fellow next him paid \$50 for a NATIONAL, and his neck is safe. We sell NATIONALS.

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